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THE LAMENT.

BY S. B. EDWARDS.

And must I die? I know the hectic flush

Upon my cheek, tells of my life's decay

As true as the lingering twilight's flush

Upon the sky, tells of the death of day.

The shadows of long night reel through my brain

And visions of the spirit land are there,—

The sluggish blood is curdling through each vein,

And bids me for the life to come prepare!

My languid pulse proclaims that life's dull tide

Is ebbing fast towards that shoreless sea

On which my spirit, bark-like, soon must ride

In hope and strange expectancy most free.

Why do I shudder at the thrilling doom?

Why is my mind at times so tempest-toss'd?

Why should the spirit fear the grave's deep

gloom,

Or dread the wonders of the Heavenly host?

O it is hard that one so young as I,

Should say to earth and all its scenes, adieu!

For the last time should look upon the sky,

And watch the stars die slowly out of view.

These eyes no more at daylight's closing hour,

Shall see the moon rise brightly from the sea,

Nor shall my steps again impress the bower

Where sparkled many a gay and beautiful

flower.

Long have I struggled in the lists of fame,

And deck'd my brow to wear the laurel's

wreath;

And now, when men begin to lip my name,

The night comes on, and glories from me fade.

In vain, most vain, at midnight's solemn hour,

I've hidden spirits from the mighty deep,

And felt with pride my own unwasting power

Wide o'er mankind's realm, soar with an Eagle's

sweep!

O for one day upon the mountain's crest;

O for one night beneath the jewell'd sky;

O for one hour where I have been most bless'd,

With my young friends and their wild min-

strelsy!

Vain is each wish! These shattered nerves—

this clay

Shrinks from the thoughts on which I love to

dwell;

Night gathers o'er my mind, and I can say

But one word more—and that one word—

farewell!

WELL TURNED.—A discussion lately arose

at a dinner table upon the basis of the right

of suffrage, when the following colloquy

took place:

"I do not think," said one of the party,

"that all men should indiscriminately be

permitted to vote. There must be some re-

striction; and if you tear away all barriers,

you may as well extend the privilege still

farther, and admit women to the polls."

"Women?" quickly replied a spirited lady

on the opposite side of the table—a disciple

perhaps of Miss Grimké—"and why should

women not vote? Do you mean to say that

we are so inferior to the other sex?"

"By no means, madam. The ladies, I

admit, have generally their intellectual

powers as vivid and as well cultivated as

those who assume the title of 'lords of crea-

tion'; but then I like to see them in their

proper sphere."

"Their proper sphere! And pray, sir,

permit me to ask, what do you deem their

proper sphere?"

"Why, madam, the sphere of a woman

is—a—it is a celestial sphere."

THE WIFE.

I have often had occasion to remark the

fortitude with which woman sustains the

most overwhelming reverses of fortune.

Those disasters which break down the spirit

of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem

to call forth all the energies of the softer

sex, and gives such intrepidity and eleva-

tion to their character, that at times it ap-

proaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to be-

hold a soft and tender female, who had

been all weakness and dependence, and

alive to every trivial roughness, while

treading the prosperous path of life, sud-

denly rising in mental force to be the com-

forter and support of her husband under

misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking

firmness, the most bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its

graceful foliage about the oak, and been

lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the

hardy plant is rified by the thunderbolt,

cling around it with its caressing tendrils,

and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is

beautifully ordained by Providence, that

woman, who is the mere dependent and or-

namant of man in his happier hours, should

be his stay and solace when smitten with

OURSELVES AND OUR DUTY.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF STEAM.

A few days since I read quite a sensible

and well written article from the New York

Express, upon the subject of the great ac-

chievements now made, and to be made, by

steam, and the impetus that the successful

navigation of the sea has given to the fur-

ther developments of the uses of this agent,

in bringing together the different nations of

the earth. The article gave a brief, but ve-

ry comprehensive view of the principal

works now in operation in Europe, and of

others partly completed, with some sugges-

tions as to the probable effect that would be

produced upon our people and institutions,

and those of foreign countries, when brought

into such frequent and close proximity, as

must necessarily follow from such great im-

provements in the facilities of intercommu-

nication. The conflict of opinion is contem-

plated as one of great moment, which must

produce many and great improvements and

reforms. Yet, the writer seems not to

doubt that any other than a "conflict of op-

inion" will be the result of the commingling

of jarring elements, and founds his conclusion

upon the influence of reason and calm dis-

cussion, which, like a wand of peace, is to

be all potent to still the troubled ocean of

human passions and conflicting feelings.

And not only so, but for all future time while

this world continues a world, human reason

is to be the source and the centre of all im-

provements, and the great impetus to all

reformation, for such seems to be the result

the writer deduces at the close of his re-

marks. He says—"What reform, the world

works, is to be wrought by appeals to men's

heads and not their hearts."

The influence of the press is a somewhat

hacknied, but nevertheless, it is not the less

important, because it is often in men's

minds and spread before their eyes. With-

out we write and speak of it, or whether we

refrain, it is daily and hourly working in se-

cret upon the minds of millions of people,

and in no part of the world is it more an en-

gine of good or evil, than in our own coun-

try; and among the newspaper press, none

partake more largely of the public confi-

dence, and consequently none are so much

relied upon for correct information and sound

views, as those published in the large com-

mercial cities of our Union. How import-

ant is it that all, but more especially those

of the most extended influence, should en-

deavor to disseminate correct and sound,

wholesome views, food for the mind, where

that mind extends to the utmost limits of ci-

vilization. I would fain believe, that the

writer of the article, now under considera-

tion, expressed himself undesignedly, rather

than from a conviction of the truth of the

conclusion at which he arrives. Cheerless

would be the prospect, and dreadful would

be the condition of this world, if man, so

long protected by a beneficent and kind Pro-

vidence—so long guided by Wisdom from on

high—is now to be left alone in this moral

wilderness, to grope his way, as he can, un-

aided except by the glimmering light of in-

tellectual powers. How many centuries in

the early period of the world was man left

to the influence, and the full influence, of the

head could exercise, in working a refor-

mation of his moral condition; and instead

of any improvement, not only the head, but

the heart became so full of corruption, the

earth became offensive in the sight of God.

This experiment, permitted in the first ages

of the world, has been confined by all the

past history of man, and so confirmed that no

enlightened statesman of the present day,

when the influence of the Bible is so fully

acknowledged, would contend that without

it any people can be prosperous and happy;

and those nations which in their history and

condition present the reverse of this, and

those who either have to depend upon ap-

peals to the head only, or are sunk in igno-

rance and superstition. The oft quoted ex-

amples of republican Greece and Rome, pre-

sent to us, as we look down the long vista

of time, as but splendid images of mental

grandeur, proud monuments of man's great-

ness, but containing within them the cause of

their own destruction, being at heart full of

corruption, while the head was endowed with

flour at the head only, and leaving the heart

untouched. We might as well put our

dearest treasures into a ship, and send it

forth to brave the storms and tempests of

the ocean, without a helm, as to place our

dependence and hope of seeing any refor-

mation wrought in the world, of a kind be-

coming man and acceptable to God, by ap-

pealing to 'men's heads and not their hearts.'

Would I disparage the cultivation of our

intellect and the exercise of reason? By no

means. They are the gift of God, from

whom emanates all power, all wisdom and

knowledge. He is the source of all that is

pure and holy, and without whose aid we

cannot think a right thought or speak a good

word, and from whom cometh every good

and perfect gift. Acknowledging the source

from which all our blessings flow, let us use

them, but not abuse them, remembering that

the bounds of human responsibility as intel-

ligent and accountable beings, cannot be

limited this side of heaven.

Wonderful as are the achievements of

steam already made, I believe that it is as

impossible for any human mind to conceive

the extent to which they will be carried, as

it would have been to have foretold all that

has been done since the first experiment was

made. I believe it, because it is impossible

for man to limit or to encompass the opera-

tions of Divine Providence, and that the

hand of God is distinctly observable in the

operations of steam as well as any thing else,

cannot be doubted by any who believe in a

Superintending Providence, and that Provi-

dence works by means. Hence I would as-

cribe all the reformation which has been

wrought in the world, and all that will be

wrought, not by appeals to men's heads only,

but to the power and wisdom of God, oper-

ating upon man, yet in so mysterious a man-

ner, as not to interfere in his free agency; so

that while man seems to do all, yet without

strength and wisdom from above, he could

do nothing.

While, then, we feel our bosoms glow with

emotions of wonder and delight, and our im-

aginations are impressed with feelings of awe

and sublimity, at the almost more than hu-

man achievements of man, let our hearts

beat high with gratitude that man is so en-

dowed with capacities fitted for the purpose,

that he can thus develop the powers of na-

ture and improve them by art. Surely we

are not so insensible that the heart is to have

no participation in the effects thus produced

by the head.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A writer in the New York Mirror, gives

this lament of an Indian Warrior of the Ya-

massee tribes over the graves of his fathers,

and the recollections and affections of his

youth. It is the "majesty of grief without

its weakness."

"They are gone—all gone—the morning

finds them not; the night covers them. My

feet have no companion in the chase; the

hollow rocks give me back only their echoes,

Whashatte! where art thou? On the far